SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

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Original Contributions.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Reverie.

Who—who, in this beautiful world of love,
Where the Future is robed in bright hope's web,
With flowers beneath him, and heaven above,
And truth the seal with all heart to fill,
Has not fed on eden-life and its varied ill
To wander to pay, and to labor to rest?
Who—who, where the mind is oppressed with care,
And sorrow is calling the cheek a fresh hue,
And grasps at ingering hope where it can,
And renders sad fatters to hear him thro'
The tomb that throng on her heart and eye,
Has not drooped at last, and despair!

Then—then are the trifles of neither earth
In their time so bright as the time of love,
And earth thought a joy—and earth joy gives birth
To a thousand that mortals onward rove,
And merging the strange thro' fragrant grove,
Make music, and pleasure, and playful mirth.

Then earth has no trifles, each blade of grass
Has its darkened drop in the pure sunlight,
And the changing seasons as they pass
Bear joy together, and bear none slighted—
To the creature's the clouds should pair their wails
Like a weeping demon enrobed in veils.

And the stars look with kindlier glance on him,
The waters dash up with a finer bound,
And the breeze of the forest or ocean's brim
Fly he breezes started to the far around
Make music, and pleasure, and playful mirth.
And the sprite forgets to be longer dim.

And the step partakes of the nonsense pride,
And the manner is full of that inborn joy
And the forced is worth all earth beside
Amounting to deeds never by man forgot—
Enrolled in Heaven's book—whose name can blot
Fame, honor, and glory, what else betide.

Then comes on her wedding array each power
Of mind that the Creator has required for use,
And daring arose in the spirit whose
Which would make the world a field for contest
Till the height is attained where the bloodless toil
And lightning of flesh shall be brought low.

Where the day with its watering toil is over
And a respite given. I think of these—
Beautiful children—I think of these
With a fervent heart and bended knee
What would the world want, if such a race
Disposed of the thoughts of love and time?

Ellen, to hope I am living on.
Toiling and trusting, that I may win
A name that shall not dishonor to crown
With lime in the highest, as has not been
Ours to look to the end, and to have it won
And trembled breathed at, and then has known
The warm glance her own had given to him.

On what was before but a frozen stream
Has been melted to life bounding on and on.
And what was of cold but a current driven
As now real home a rich gushing wave.
Let me think on her for the present one,
And then set my bright one, my cousin
On this act a constant drama of music
With the sweetest tones of the harmony of heaven and earth.
And a glance that fastens how a soul strives
In asserting Her mandate to call it forth,
On what it might rise to that bright music worth—
Would that it might be my fortune!

Oft have I stood of a summer's eve
Where in beholding the starry host
Have, as they seemed to me, a living throne,
From their nearness I got to the farthest post,
And I've thought of the Creator's power,
As have I thought might it be with mine
Whose every thought should stray from home.
Then might my soul be free and unshaken,
Yet not in the starry gaze from far on me
Coldly, but with mild and heavenly radiance
Of love I dreamed were overpowered by the
Sweetness, centered by the presence of the Duke,
And the flame that they kindled in my heart by
And there all to was all more than wont,
As I could gaze on the heavens and feel no alien
The serenity—Ellen—that fair flower eye.

On deepest retreat but in their sunny folds,
Lulled to rest as pictured in the heart
For me—the earth but one cheerless bride,
Where the sunshine is light and the shade
A waste of rock to me unfolds
Thence where the halo of my young life grew
Yet will hope and love and trust
Shelter me—never will I despair
Earnest hearts are humbled—their words were my will
And none it shall be the less to share.
By night I will dream of thee—and
Our current farewell to thee—and
If upon me—love—there will not come
The fullness of hope shall my pure hopeful
Never—no—never will I despair
To win all, in earth, well I set things dare.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Gertrude von Lichtenburg,

OR

THE FATAL BEQUEST.

A Tale of the Thirteenth Century.

"Nothing more treasured below
Than ancestral worth and fame.
A noted old house or name,
A heart which ancestral smell—and yet
Which can boast no other claim.—Byron.

Already in the eleventh century we find the Emperors of Germany, had subjected all the southern portions of that part of the continent of Europe, lying northwardly from and bounding on Switzerland. Even Switzerland, or greater portions of that country had recognized their dependence. These regions were divided among Dukes, and feudal Barons, till of whom owed allegiance to the sovereign Emperor, and were, therefore, maintained subjected, as vassals to the Duke.—Among the latter lived one, allied to the House of Austria, Duke Albert, who was the territorial sovereign of a small dukedom, long since merged in the possession of Germany. He was one of the most tyrannical, haughty, impetuous, and unjust rulers of his name. He reigned with an iron rod, and was feared and hated by most of his subjects. A voluptuary withal, he required immense sums to maintain the splendor and splendor. These sums were raised by taxation, exactions, and heavy imposts on merchandise brought into and passing through the dukedom. All the Barons were forced to contribute individually to his treasury, much against their will, and often times at very great sacrifice. Any opposition to the tyrannical oppressions created many enemies among his nobles. Count Johann of Lichtenburg, was among the richest and most powerful of these Barons, and among the most influential of Albert's opposers. He castle, situated on an eminence, commanding an extensive view of plain, cultivated meadow and hill, was thronged with domestics. To his standard flocked all opposition to the sovereign power. To him all less distinguished and less powerful lords of the dukedom, looked up for advice and direction.

To the southward of Lichtenburg Castle might be seen at a short distance, the threatening towers of Zollingen castle, the stronghold of Count Albrecht of Zollingen, as firm an adherent and friend of Duke Albert, as Count Johann was an enemy. Notwithstanding their difference of feeling toward their sovereign, they still maintained the appearance of friendship, and honored each other with their presence on all great occasions of festivity.

Count Johann of Lichtenburg, had a daughter Gertrude; a lovely maiden, the image of her mother, who ended her earthly existence as that of Gertrude's commenced. Her profuse blond ringlets, her mild, yet expressive blue eye, her feminine, yet graceful form, her soft and low voice, and above all, her gentle, lovely disposition, even as a girl, won all hearts, while they commanded respect. You only daughter had become the idol of her noble parent, endeared by the great price he had been doomed to sacrifice for her. She gained daily in stature, and in the development of those qualities which so highly adorn the gentler sex. Each day she added to her existence, saw her more and more worshipped by a doting father. Disturbances on the frontier, threatened to withdraw Count Lichtenburg from his home. He could not leave the only tie that bound him to existence, unprotected, behind. He at last determined to send Gertrude to the castle of his sister-in-law, the Countess of Hatlingen, where she was to remain, until the storm had subsided, and the Castle was again return to their former tenants.

Among the youthful visitors at Lichtenburg Castle, was the young Count of Zollingen, who often came with his father to pay his respects to the Count, and to the noble guests who might be tarrying with him. He was quite a lad; but only numbered sixteen years, two more than the youthful Gertrude, and was as much admired for his manliness, courage, noble bearing, as the young Countess was for her beauty, mildness, and dignity. The two youthful representatives of these two rival houses, met, and became attached.—They had sported together, they had rambled together, they had stood upon the high walls of the Castle, and looked forth upon the beautiful prospect that spread before them, and had pointed out to each other the new objects of beauty in the landscape, as they developed themselves to their view. These early bursts of passion, those youthful aspirations, these childhood vows, are, at the moment, as sincere, as fervent, and as keenly felt, as in riper years, and they are more pure. In the caution of the land, he was sent to learn the science of warfare, the use of arms, the skill of the warrior, under the guidance of a friend of his father's, where paternal kindness could not use its influence to smooth the early schooling of the young soldier. Years rolled on, and each succeeding summer's sun found Rodolph more and more a man. He became the admiration of the soldiers, as well as of his protector, and there seemed to be a secret sympathy in their hearts for Count to scintillate his years. This secret was the young Countess of Lichtenburg. Nor was Gertrude less an object of the high regard of her father, too, remembered her now; she, too, strove to make herself all that a woman could be in loveliness and accomplishments.

The exactions of Duke Albert had become so oppressive, that many of the feudal Barons combined in a secret league for their suppression. Count Lichtenburg was among the most prominent of these high spirited. Around his standard flocked all dissatisfied, and they encouraged each other, at the foot of the Castle of Lichtenburg, to offer open resistance to the force of Duke Albert, which were already on their march, accompanied by the Duke himself. Count Zollingen was forced to join the Duke's retinue, although he had determined to avoid any personal conflict with Count Lichtenburg, and to remain neutral in a short conflict the dissenters overpowered by numbers, overawed by the presence of the Duke, were obliged to yield. Many fled the battle field in the seeking safety in flight; many let the dust in death's agony, while many of the prominent landowners were taken prisoners. Count Johann of Lichtenburg was among the latter. After the contest had thus been decided, the Duke removed to the Castle of Lichtenburg, whither Count Johann was led a captive. To enter those halls, the home of his rival, as a prisoner, nigh broke the heart of the proud and noble Baron. He bore up against his sufferings as his humbled state and sacrifices demanded, and prepared for the coming interview with the Duke, as well as his fatigue and wounds would permit. He, stripped of his armor, and of his rest, pages and retinue, he was commanded to appear before his sovereign to receive his sentence.

The Duke sat in the great hall of the Castle, with black oak carved in gothic architecture, with ancient gothic drapes suspended from the ceiling, surrounded by his Barons, Knights, Pages, Esquires and Soldiers. At the upper end sat the Duke on a richly carved oak chair; on his right, stood Count Albrecht of Zollingen with his hand resting on his left, his own retainers—and pages. The sound of iron heels and clinking swords had ceased, and silence pervaded the whole assembly, till were attention, awaiting the arrival of the fallen Count of Lichtenburg. The door at the opposite end of the hall was thrown open. Preceded by several soldiers in full armor came Count Johann, stripped of all his insignia of Knighthood. He walked with stately gait, his lip slightly quivering with emotion, as he cast his eye on the surrounding throng. Having advanced toward the Duke, he suddenly stopped, and fixing his keen eye upon Albert, awaited his address.

"Count Johann, of Lichtenburg, you are accused of treason, and open rebellion against your sovereign Duke," said Albert, the passion natural manned subjected, as vassals to the Duke.—Among the latter lived one, allied to the House of Austria, Duke Albert, who was the territorial sovereign of a small dukedom, long since merged in the possession of Germany. He was one of the most tyrannical, haughty, impetuous, and unjust rulers of his name. He reigned with an iron rod, and was feared and hated by most of his subjects. A voluptuary withal, he required immense sums to maintain the splendor and splendor. These sums were raised by taxation, exactions, and heavy imposts on merchandise brought into and passing through the dukedom. All the Barons were forced to contribute individually to his treasury, much against their will, and often times at very great sacrifice. Any opposition to the tyrannical oppressions created many enemies among his nobles. Count Johann of Lichtenburg, was among the richest and most powerful of these Barons, and among the most influential of Albert's opposers. He castle, situated on an eminence, commanding an extensive view of plain, cultivated meadow and hill, was thronged with domestics. To his standard flocked all opposition to the sovereign power. To him all less distinguished and less powerful lords of the dukedom, looked up for advice and direction.

"I swear!" replied the young Count, while a momentary flash of anger of the old man responded to the oath. It was his last gage, for Rodolph not finding the grasp released, disengaged his hand, and with a single blow of his sword, severed the jugular as he hurried past him, that the old man was dead. On reaching his apartment he rearranged his toilet, and left the castle, unobserved by any one himself. Sleep he courted in vain, nor would the scenes of the day and the night permit him to banish the remembrance of his parricide. He heart and mind. He thought of Gertrude, and pausted her he has fairly to all the pride of womanhood, to banish the remembrance of the fatal deed. He thought of Gertrude, and pictured to himself the fair form of the maiden, as she would receive the tidings of her father's death. He thought of Gertrude, and pictured her to be his own, but the thought of his own hand, and especially, as the murderer of her father, made him shudder with horror. He thought of Gertrude, and pictured her to be his own, but the thought of his own hand, and especially, as the murderer of her father, made him shudder with horror.

Rodolph could not speak for a moment, but struggling against his emotion, and his fallowers of the latter, and there confessed to the father his affection and love for his daughter. "Take her, then," said the old Count feebly, as he turned from the now breathed at the altar has made you one, be faithful, be a father and a husband to her. But swear to be the avenger of my disgrace! Swear, and die contented!"

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marked the interchange of glances, but he only smiled again, chiding at the same time the signals he be answered.

"There go another set," said Henley to me in an under tone.

"We are ordered to run up and come to under her lee—we shall do it of course," said the Captain, with a singular emphasis on the last word, "Mr. Byerly—close-haul!" We interchanged glances again. Both during boards subtracted from my old Captain. The officers looked at each other, while one or two of the crew ventured to grumble. The sounds appeared to reach the ear of the Captain, for lifting his head up from the hand on which it rested, he glanced a moment fiercely around the deck; but not a tongue dared to repeat the murmur. Seemingly satisfied with this exhibition of the power he possessed over his hardy veterans, he leaned his head again upon his hand, and said no one carelessly.

"How beautiful, Mr. Danforth, these bobbins go dancing along the side," said he pointed over the quarter, as the waters hissed bubbling by, "I used to watch them for hours thus when I was a boy, and somehow or other it always makes me feel sad to gaze upon them—perhaps it is because it reminds one of the difference between the boy and man," and this singular individual looked up into my face, with an expression of deep and melancholy fitted across his fine, but sun-burnt countenance. I hardly knew what to reply.

"You are a young man—almost younger than I am, Mr. Danforth," he said, noticing my embarrassment, "and we have not spoken an hour together in our lives, but you remind me of one I used to know in early youth—we sailed, that is," he continued, hastily correcting himself, "I used to be a good deal with him—your look, your height, your voice, your address, all bring him to my memory—but alas! he is no more—I saw him die, poor fellow, myself—shot down like a dog, and—"

"Captain Crawford," said the second in command, respectfully addressing him, "we are closing fast."

He looked up half angrily at the interruption, but perceiving at a glance the cause, he said quietly, "ah! so we are—Mr. Hanley, you will see all his indifference whether real or assumed, he displayed in the succeeding moment of excitement, resolves which at once set me into the secret of the vast influence he appeared to possess over his men.

During the conversation betwixt this strange being and myself, the two vessels had rapidly approached to each other, until we were now almost under the lee quarter of the frigate, and her crew could look down over the whole range of our decks. At the first intimation of our neighborhood the Captain had called an old, weather-beaten waterrat to the wheel, and now stood in the main rigging, grasping his trumpet, ready for the expected hail. That he meditated some daring manœuvre we all felt, but what it was we could not even imagine. I noticed, however, as something singular that we kept steadily on, and that after supposing a new on the ear of the lieutenant, the ropes were manned, and a petty officer stationed near every knot of men. The huge frigate was now, however, almost overlapping us, when a hoarse hail came down demanding who we were.

"The Spray of Bristol—running as a privateer."

"Come to at once then, and send your boat aboard."

"Ay, ay," answered the Captain, "all—hoff, sir," he thundered, raising his voice in well directed anger, as the man at the helm pretended to put his gear suddenly embarrassed, "hoff like the d—l, sailors!" and spring down, he seized the spoken himself, jerking at them an instant, and then whirling the wheel around,—but I did not fail to notice that during this delay we had stolen along the frigate's side until we were now on her larboard bow, and as we lofted sharp up, our mate swung by the run down, while our yards arm traded around. The effect was to throw us against the bow, threatening momentarily to entangle our fore-mast with the frigate's bow-sprit.

"Keep away there—you lubberly scoundrels," shouted the enraged British Captain, leaping into a quarter deck cartronade, "you deserve a broad side to teach you better seamanship, d—n you—up with your jib there, and let her pay off a little."

"Ay, ay, sir," said Captain Crawford—"forward there—loose away the jib."

Two or three seamen hurried to execute the order, but their own haste appeared to frustrate their designs, while the great mass of the crew seemed to be yet engaged in raising down the ropes they had just now manned. The enraged Captain of the frigate saw this.

"Why don't you make your rascals mute faster there—must the devil are they so slow in coiling up"—get out your boat at once and come on board, or by all that's holy I'll sink you in five minutes"

"Lower away the lee-quarter boat," thundered Captain Crawford—"stand clear, Jack."

The sail brought us as was expected clear of the frigate's bow-sprit, but it also forged us ahead so as to lay us directly across the commodore's bows. This was the instant for which Captain Crawford had waited. The frigate was now trying to, completely without control. Lifting his voice suddenly, he shouted, almost at once as the last sentence had died upon the air, "about away," and sheer from, merrily all—helay there with that boat—give her the helm," and every man still remained at his post, it took but a moment to obey the command, our canvas was spread as if by magic, and going off into the wind's eye, we had already gained an immeasurable distance, before the astonished crew of the man-of-war could comprehend our purpose, or get the frigate to obey the helm, when at last they detected the stratagem. The iron hail which then burst over us fell—and I must never see again! But fortunately though it hulled us in a dozen places, and killed a half a score of men, besides wounding I know not how many post wretches, it injured none of our spars, and but little of the running gear. Before the broadside could be repeated we had doubled our distance, and escaped comparatively harmless. Crashing on all sail we rapidly dropped the outwitted frigate astern, and before sun down had left her hull down on the larboard quarter.

During the excitement of the few moments when we were almost in the clutches of the frigate, my whole attention had been called to the consistency of our danger, and the adroitness of Captain Crawford; but when we had escaped out of the range of his guns, and all fear of capture was dispelled, I could not fail to call to mind the extraordinary scene of information which this remarkable individual—second in reality, as he was last in a reverie, wondering by what means the signal hook of the British Navy had come into his possession, when a light tap touched my shoulder, and turning around my eye fell upon the singular being who formed the subject of my thoughts.

"That is a gallant ship, Captain," I said.

"Yes, she's a gallant vessel," he said naturally, as if naturally comprehending me—"a crack ship—The Atlanta."

"The Atlanta!" said Captain Hanley in surprise, who had been standing beside me, "then you must have served in her."

"Perhaps so—or rather so, sir," said Crawford coolly, turning instantly away.

WOODEN FARMERS.—A new plan of putting wild wood has been suggested in Paris, by a Count de Lasteyrie. It consists of blocks of a rhomboidal shape, cut on each other and pinned together in the angles so as to make a solid mass with a proper degree of elasticity, presenting the vertical fibre for wear, and a proportion of the horizontal fibre to ease the trend of horses. An agent for the Count has appeared in Boston, and solicits a loan of six thousand.

STARRED HIS WIFE.—On Sunday last a man named McMullin, in Brooklyn, L. I., starved his wife to death in the absence with a cruel mode, and inflicted several other severe cuts on other parts of her person. He is now in custody.

Saturday Evening Post.

GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1840.

Post Office.

☞ FIVE DOLLARS in advance remitted to this office, free of postage, will pay for the Saturday Evening Post for one year, and one copy of the Philadelphia Casket, and two of the Post for one year.

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☞ THE PHILADELPHIA CASKET is published entirely original, without exchanges, *engravings, and highly colored fashions.* It is printed on a beautiful and silvery type, entirely different from that of the Post, and contains as ornament for the centre table, and an agreeable parlour companion.

☞ Let friends and neighbors, who want entertaining literature cheap, club together, select the best bank-note that they can find, and remit it by mail, POSTAGE FREE, to the office. We shall promptly redeem our promises by forwarding the works to their address.

Temperance Celebration.

The sixty-fourth American Anniversary of independence after which it is our duty to celebrate in the most splendid, and was characterized with less drunkenness, and fewer accidents, than we have known to occur for years. The two political parties of the country observed the day by uniting their usual dinners, and holding meetings in the morning, in which numerous speeches from a distance participated. The military also turned out with more than usual spirit, and made a peculiarly rich display. Most of the theatres were closed, and with a few years since disgraced our city, we observed, with pleasure, had disappeared. Large numbers of our citizens went on excursions to various places, including New York, Washington, and other places; and several of the Sunday Schools observed the day by appropriate exercises.

The celebration at the Museum, however, by the friends of Temperance, was, emphatically the most splendid one, and augurs well for the increasing morality of Philadelphia. High as expectation had been of the strength of this cause, we confess we did not imagine it could number so many effective, influential votaries as the procession of the Fourth proved it to possess.

At an early hour the line was formed on Franklin square, and marshalled according to the programme, published by us last week, under Chief Marshall Colonel Robinson.

The order of the day, the Rev. Jonas Fahnestock, was seated in the first barouche, accompanied by three officers of the Temperance Societies. Then came a long line of carriages and barouches containing officers of the various societies. These were followed by numerous associations, bearing gaily splendid banners, while a fine distance rode the Assistant Marshalls—and their several aides—in a less richly caparisoned. A band of music followed the processions, and kept constantly playing the national airs.

At the corner of Ninth and George Streets, the procession drifted into the large area of the Philadelphia Museum, where a large concourse of ladies had already assembled. After singing the national hymn, the Rev. Mr. Fahnestock rose to address the assembled multitude, and their several addresses in

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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17 New Agencies.—J. P. Cooke & Co. are agents at New Orleans for the established agencies at Cincinnati and St. Louis. Their address at Mobile is *W. Parker, Mobile Herald street. Mr. Forster* is the acting partner at St. Louis. We commend them to those who want the Post or Casket at other place.

Arrival of Dodge's Accomplice.

The N. Y. Sun says:—"Mr. Young, a constable of Philadelphia, came to this city on Monday, and communicated to Justice Drinker, and to Mr. Smith, officer, that Dr. William M. Eldridge, now in confinement in that city, had, as was supposed, an accomplice, in the person of Theodore P. Fellows, then in this city, and that the evidence of the fact was the interception of a letter, purporting to be written, in a disguised hand, by Fellows, to Eldridge, in which the fact of Fellows having certain forged drafts, purporting to be drawn by Eldridge, in his possession, having been sealed, and some of which were cashed to a large amount—was mentioned. In consequence of this, the officers Smith and Young, had reason to believe that Fellows was to the habit of calling at the post office for letters from Philadelphia, and would not recognized, these officers, on Tuesday last, went on that day at the post-office, and when Mr Fellows went to the office and asked for and received a letter, Smith stepped up to him and enquired if his name was Fellows, and on his replying in the affirmative, he was taken into custody. Fellows was then searched, and the letter found answered all knowledge of Dr. Eldridge."

Serious Particulars.

It seems nothing can be done in behalf of the supposed accomplice of Eldridge in N York. The Herald says, that on Wednesday he was brought out for examination, and made a statement in which he said he was employed by Eldridge at Moyamensing or other purposes of the officers of that prison. The first of these letters one addressed to Mr. Smith, of the

City of New York, June 12, Friday, 1840, 5 P. M.—Mr. W. M. Eldridge, Dear Sir:—I have left the city of Philadelphia; I will hold but three net present it for three months from date, which you will please to have your accept and hold the money; if they will take half I will be very glad to have you do so. I am being in concert with you unless you tell me now to the contrary. I have left you a sensible letter; your letter Theodore P. Fellows I have got a plenty of drafts on the Bank of Pennsylvania, so you have nothing about it the bank is here you have to go to Boston; please write me by the next mail, and I will remain your friend, T. P Fellows.

N B I have reason to think that somebody has been using I shall be down soon. But if so be they can't send me no bail for me but be well writing in to the Lord hand I expose you can understand it.

On—check on the Bank $2100 and one more you as per $1,000 all down.

Fellows' draft for $200 the other draft not so precise. J U g P T Fellows

To the Letter an answer was returned, and another letter received from Fellows, but in a different handwriting. The contents purported to be similar to the above, but as nothing could be altered from these letters it was deemed expedient to try and arrest the writer. This was done, and on the search of the premises Mr. Lowndes deemed the whole a hoax, but the refusal of the prisoner to give any information of himself or his relations, as well as his connection with the legal shifts resorted to by criminals to avoid a conviction, and at the same time to have enlisted in the magnanimous sympathies of the public in the approach of the day of trial, induced the Magistrate to order the prisoner to be committed for trial.

Robbery.—A warrant was issued on Tuesday morning by Justice Drinker, for the arrest of a man by the name of Morton McKale, who is charged with having robbed Aaron Kramer, better, No. 319 north Second street, of three pair of boots. It appears, from the circumstances—He came into Mr. K's store on Monday and asked to see some boots, stating that he was from St. Louis, a perfect stranger in the city, and without money or friends—that he knew somebody of the lasting trade, and that he was about setting himself useful. Mr K. actuated more by feelings of humanity than any thing else, employed him, and on Tuesday morning left him in charge of the store, went at breakfast, the young and ingratiated manner of McKenzie induced Mr. K. to leave him until 12 years of age, has a downcast look when spoken to, and had on when he left a grey roundabout and vest, and dark pants.

Burglary.—The house of Mrs. Tree, No. 350 South Front street, was burglariously entered on Monday evening and stripped to the amount of $100 carried off. The burglars effected their entrance through a back window.

Political Intelligence.

Appointments by the Governor.—New York. James Wilson, of Trenton, N. J., and George Sermon, of Philadelphia, commissioners to take the acknowledgment of deeds &c. for the State of New York.

Appointments by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate.—Joseph P. Knapp, Collector of the Customs at Mystic, Mass. from the 1st July, 1840, vice Mark Deaner, resigned.

Vermont.—The Whig State Convention assembled at Burlington on the 24th inst. and nominated Jas. Dodge Governor, and David M Camp for Lieut. Governor.

Vice President pro tem.—The Hon William R King was on Friday elected President protempore of the Senate, the Vice President of the U States having left the city.

Re-Appointed.—We understand that our excellent and very worthy postmaster, Col James Page, has been re-appointed. We are sincerely rejoiced to hear it.

Illness.—Stephen Allen, Esq. is spoken of as Recorder of Mayors Court during the new constitutional treasurership.

Financial Record.

Treasury Notes.—The Secretary of the Treasury calls them for the 1st of October the amount of Congress of 15th of October, 1837, 21st May, 1838, and 3d March, 1839, ... 12,577,000 00

Of this sum there has been redeemed 10,247,432 97

Leaving outstanding $2,324,533 30

Amount authorized under act of 31 March, 1840, ... $1,850,000 00

Of that amount there has been redeemed 30,925 03

Leaving of that issue outstanding 1,802,084 05

Aggregate outstanding $4,126,717 35

Dividends for the Last Six Months.—Trenton Bank, 30 cents per share; Union Bank, Delaware, 2 per cent.; Chester County Commercial, 2 per cent.; Cumberland, N. J. Bank, 2 per cent.; Northern Liberties and Penn Township Railroad Company, 3 per cent.; Philadelphia Fire and Inland Navigation Insurance Company, 2 1-2 per cent; Washington Insurance Company, 5 per cent; Pennsylvania Life Insurance Company, 2 per cent; Union Insurance Company, 5 per cent, Bank of North America, 3 per cent.; Farmers' Bank, 3 per cent; Commercial Line Insurance and Trust Company, 2 per cent.; Kensington Savings Institution, 3 per cent.

Bank of Virginia.—The Richmond Star of Friday evening says. "We learn that the stockholders of this bank, yesterday evening passed a resolution accepting all offers of the president to resign." What's in the wind now?

Bank of Utica.—There are notes in circulation to Lonisville, and perhaps here, purporting to be on the Planters' Bank of Alabama. There is no such institution.

No Dividend.—The U. S. Bank has decided that it is not prudent to declare dividends. The Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company has come to the same conclusion and determination.

General News.

To Prevent Hydrophobia.—As at this season many persons are usually bitten by dogs in a rabid state, the following precautionary rules as adopted by the Paris *Council de Salubrite* should be remembered and adhered to:—They may save many a valuable life when a person is bitten the wound should be immediately pressed on all sides, in such manner as to squeeze out the blood, with any saliva which the wound may have left. It should be washed with alkalies until diluted with water, or with water either impregnated with wood ashes, lime, or salt; in case none of these are at hand, with urine. This being done, the wound should undergo cauterization, or searing with iron at a white heat.

From Texas.—By the arrival of the steam packet Columbus, Capt. Windle, in 48 hours from Texas, says the New Orleans Sun, we have received the Galveston Courier of the 22d inst., but it contains little or no item of news. The weather was very warm, and business very dull. A public dinner was given to M. D. Sheffield, the French minister, on the 21i, by the citizens of Galveston. Four vessels of war the steam ship Neptune, the brig of war Austin, the schrs San Jacinto and San Bernard, had recently arrived from Vera Cruz. The two schrs immediately proceeded to sea. The Neptune and Austin were to arrive on the 23d. Their destination is New Orleans. Provisions was very scarce and very dear.

A New Event.—In Persia, at the fruit gardens, the way in which they secure the tenancy each year, by one individual, is rather original. They weigh the melons, and the person who pays the rent, or gives out, charges for the difference. One day, a fellow went in with his pocket full of pebbles, which, after he had eaten enough for dinner, he filled up. Of course, he weighed less when he went out, than when he went in. They could not account for the phenomenon, and the owner of the garden was obliged to feel, and feel by remaining in the garden. The first long pocket that ever was found outlawed in the Lord Mayor's gardens as it is called.

Horrible.—The St. Louis Pioneer of the 23d ult. says:—"Some days since, a man by the name of Powell, residing on the South Fork of Salt River, in this State was approached by a man, in a threatening manner. The man told Powell that he was a scoundrel, and Powell raised his bee and struck him on the head. He was arrested, tried before a magistrate for the assault and battery, and fined one dollar. Subsequently, the man died, and Powell has been committed."

Take care of your Bacon.—To prevent it from getting rusty, after it has been smoked, it should be rubbed, put it into a box of the size of the piece of bacon, covering the bottom of the box with bay; then wrap the piece of bacon in bay, and put bay leaves between every piece introduced a layer of bay. The meshed will prevent flies from rusting, and keep it for 12 months as good as it was on the first day of killing.

Can't you Tuse—An United States officer writes from New Brunswick, "That American citizens are most grossly insulting on the British soil, and to the present severe law is in force." He says,—"The good sense of the province think it was never intended to be put into force, that they should be allowed to fell, at least in the present season, while they may be, and I believe are determined to drive them off."

Type.—Perrin's—A new system of orthotonic has been submitted to the French Institute, by which a printer's lesson will be sufficient to familiarize a person with the whole system. The inventor has adopted, with all the possible operations of arithmetic, from simple enumeration up to equations of the first degree, with the exception of those of which the maximum common divisor, and extraction of roots.

Monster from France.—On Friday last Mr Louis Bonnet gave notice of his sailing on the British steam ship

THE OLIO.

Variety is the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.
Impromptu Stanzas.

Written by request, on the occasion of a May Party at the Woodlands.

TO LITA,—BY HENRY S. RIDGE.

Maiden, in whose bright eyes
Glowing the tint of azure skies,
Ever where calm and holy love
Hope is floating brightly now—
Oh, whose softly tinted cheek,
Roses might for luster seek—
Then hast led me stricke my lyre
Tuneful to the notes of fire.

Maiden, would we were but met.
Or my heart could thee forget!
For thy music with rapture wearing,
Lad my heart is its undoing,—
And my lips may never tell
Half the hopes that boil it swell;
Pent, oh! yet my bliss prolong,
Till into the stream, I die in song

Maiden we may meet no more,
On life's dim and troubled shore
But this meeting me has given
Visions of bliss—and thoughts of heaven,
Breath not then the impious dream,
But let life an Eden seem,—
And the love we part forever,
Yet may heart forgets thee never;
And the thought that I may be no more
E'er shall be a heaven to me.

May 13th, 1840.

ANECDOTE.—At the period when Claverhouse's Dragoons, so familiar to the readers of "Old Mortality," were overrunning Scotland, and committing the most horrid excesses, an old man and his son Johnnie were engaged in family worship. Johnnie was reading in Nehemiah—"and I saw in heaven a great—dragoon." "Hoot, awa, Johnnie, that's no right; it's Dragoon." "Ah! faith, and who said ken best about that, and I got the buik and reading myself?" "I dinna care for that," said the old man, "I hae read it fifty times, and I say it's dragoon; who ever heard of a dragoon being in that guid place, Johnnie?" "Well, father, but it says this was a scruder." "Weel, weel, I'll no say but it may be; but it was nane of Claver'se's troop, my way."

FRAISE.—Praise is usually exaggerated where it is least deserved, and there only. The Greeks allowed him who had conquered once at the Olympic games to have his statues made of colossal dimensions; and it was necessary to win three prizes, before being allowed to have the statue made of the size of life. It's man does anything remarkable once; it excites notice, if he repeats it, we soon grow indifferent. If a man sneezes, we say God bless him; but if he repeats it half a dozen times, we don't say anything.

SOURCE WIT.—Incledon was conversing once with a Scotch gentleman, who traced his ancestors back to a period anterior to the Christian era. "By the holy Paul," said Charles, "you'll tell me next that your ancestors were in the ark with Noah?" "I've nae pronese o'residence o' the fact," replied the Scotchman; "but I've a shrewd conjecture that they were." Incledon, who was never at a loss, replied, "They were in the ark with Noah, were they? Now, sir, to prove to you the superiority of my family, I will inform you that, at that time, they had a boat of their own."

IF AND IM.—Grosett: P. who was an early acquaintance of ours, and who was prostrated for misplacing sig, was a very polite and friendly man. "Good morning, General," said we, as we were passing the garden where he was poking some weeds one morning in May before he was up. "Good morsel," replied the General, "I have been yourself in the giving a little thin mersels', and I declare it made my fingers so cold I had to put my mittens on.

CONFESSION OF FAULTS.—The acknowledgment of a fault is often more effectual than any deed of atonement; and confession is the speedy refuge of forgiveness. I am persuaded that words, which we may call the little second-hand of life, are of more consequence than is usually reckoned by seldom, like the hour-hand. And in the artificial relations of highly-cultivated people, actions can never atone for language.

SHERIDAN AND HIS SON TOM.—Tom Sheridan, when a lad, was one day asking his father (the celebrated Richard Brinsley, for a small sum of money. Sheridan tried to avoid giving him any, and said, "Tom, you ought to be doing something to get your living. At your age, my father made me work. My father always—"

"I beg your pardon, sir," interrupted Tom; "I will not hear your father compared with mine."

A PEDLAR'S WITNESS.—A poor country hawker being detected in the act of shooting a bird, was taken before a justice. "So fellow," said Mittimus, "you think it no shout without a license, do you?" "Oh, no, your honor," cried the offender. "I have a license for hawking;" so saying, he handed him his pedlar's license, and the bird shot being proved a hawk, the man was discharged.

THISTLETALK.—A lady at the Springs last summer, being desirous of obtaining the recipe for making a certain pudding, to be sent nowhere but at Congress Hall, applied to the superintendent for the same. It was immediately furnished in the following clear and conspicuous terms: "Take a few eggs, a quantity of milk, a thoughfil of currants, a thoughfil of meal, a thoughfil of suet, three thoughfil of flour, and sweeten to your taste."

TITHES.—"Tithe," said the Archbishop of Ait, during a speech he was making in the assembly of the clergy, "you will observe that the piety of Christmas." "Tithe," interrupted the witty Rochefoucault, "that free will offering of the piety of Christmas, is tithe, which there are now forty thousand law suits in this realm."

NOBLE WIT.—Halse, waiter, you black rascal—where are you. We have all been waiting this half hour."

"Lord bless, massa gemman!—hab as how you hab all turned waiters, jest wait on you self—I be too, consequentially a nigger to wait on wat better—think one, especially."

IRISH THINKING.—A gentleman employed an Irishman to trim a number of fruit trees. He went out in the morning, and on returning at noon, was asked whether he had completed his work. No, was his reply, but he had cut down all down, and was going to trim them in the afternoon.

RETORT.—Sarah, duchess of Marlborough, once presenting a petition to Queen Anne, in the usual warmth, said, "I'll be hanged if it does not prove serviceable." Doctor Garth, who was present, exclaimed, "Do take it, then, my lord duke, for it must be of service one way or the other."

A REAL DILEMMA.—*Belvidere.*—It seems so cruel in kill so many animals for their fat—thirty-six poor squirrels put to death to make a muff for us!" *Emily.*—Yes, it is cruel. Why don't the monsters take their skins of without killing them?"

WELLBREED.—"I feel the burden of age upon me," at the boy said when his grandfather made him carry him through the mud.

"Good morning to both of you!" as the man said to the eighty-four.

NOT PARTICULAR.—Mr. Easy—How can we clean that mirror before you shave—it is very dirty."

"Never mind, Mrs. Tidy—I intend to wash my face afterward."

OBSERVATORY.—The greatest men sometimes flourish at a distance from colleges and cities, as, to astronomy, the largest planets are those which are farthest from the sun.

The Authors of Samuel Washington.—We have been favored within the last few days with a highly interesting account of a monument in England, erected to the memory of some of the ancestors of our beloved Washington.—The gentlemen to whom we are indebted for the account, is Mr. Samuel Fallaway, of this city—but who, being a native of England, returned to that country on a visit to his parents, who reside at Malmsbury in Wiltshire. The monument in question, is in Garsdon Church, in the same county.

The village of Garsdon is about two miles from Malmsbury, and the church is an ancient Gothic edifice, situate in the bosom of a rich country, and surrounded with venerable trees. The country people have for many years been in the habit of conducting strangers to the church, for the purpose of pointing out the venerable memorial of the Washington Family—in former ages the Lords of the Manor of Garsdon, and the residents of the Court House, a building of the olden time—grey with the lapse of centuries.

The monument is a superb specimen of the "mural" style—and even now exhibits relics of richness and curious workmanship. It is to be seen in the chancel, on the left side of the altar, and is richly carved out of the stone of that part of the country. It is surmounted with the family coat of arms, which form a rich embarassment of heraldry; and although two hundred years have rolled away since it was erected, they are still burnished with gilding.

The following are the inscriptions:

TO YE
MEMORY OF
SIR LAWRENCE WASHINGTON, Nite,
Lately Chief Register
OF YE
CHAUCENCERYE.
Of Remorne, Parte, and Charaitie.

An Extemparye and Lovinge Husband, A Tender Father, A Masterlie Maister, A Constante Reliever of ye Poore: And Ye Thoes Of His Parish, a Perpetuall Benefactor;

Whom ye Pleased
GOD TO TAKE INTO IS PEACE,
From the Parge Of The Ivanieng Warre.
Born May XIV.
He Was Maried
May XXIV, An. Dni, 1643.
ÆTAT. SUÆ, 64.

Ye Memorie of
DAME ANNE,
Ye Wife Who Decreased
Januye XIIIth. And Who
Was buryed XVI th.
Anno Dni, 1655.

Hic Patrise sinetus, curavit Sibise urna,
Condere qua Tumulo, nam pecul ipsa fuit.

The pyrous Son His Parents here interred,
Who laith his share in time, for them prepard.

The old Manor House of Garsdon is now occupied by a respectable, and, indeed, opulent farmer, named Woody—two of whose sons lately came over to this country in the ship Philadelphia, and who gone back into the State of Ohio. Mr. Woody rents his farm and house of Lord Anderson. This ancient seat of the Washington family, is handsome, but very old-fashioned, built of stone, with immense solidity and strength. The timber about it is chiefly British oak, and in every room, in addition to the fire-place, is a large one which was the old hall or lounging room—there are rich remains of gilding, carved work in cornices, sculpture and panels, painted glass in wainscoating—with shields containing the same coat of arms as on the mural monument in the church, carved over the the high, venerable, architectural mantel-pieces—which, in these days are extensive cellars, which, with the banqueting room, would seem to indicate the genuine hospitality and profusion of the days of yore.

Fine old English gentlemen.
Died of the olden time.

And, indeed, according to the traditions and chronicles of the country, such was the general character of the heads of the Washington family who sojourn in their seat, who lived fully and frequent seat, and removed to another part of the kingdom—but an old man now living in the village of Garsdon, who, in his youth, used to recitate that he remembers one of the Washingtons living in that part of the country, when he was a boy and that but great pecuniary embarrassment of the last Squire Washington living at the Manor House. The walls of the house are five feet thick, and the entire grounds are surrounded by a beautiful garden and orchards. In the old parish archives, the Washington family are constantly referred to as the most opulent of the parish, and from the very earliest recorded times, they seem to have been the lords of the soil at Garsdon, down to the period of their leaving—when the Manor House fell into the hands of a family named Dobbs.

From the church and Manor, or Court House, of Garsdon, there are the remains of an ancient paved causeway, extending for about two miles, to the far famed abbey and cloisters of Malmsbury, founded and endowed by King Athelstan—not only celebrated for its power and splendor in Catholic days, but also as being the birthplace and residence of "William of Malmesbury"—one of the earliest of British historians.

Phila. Inquirer.

Prisoners.

A young and unperverted mind sets out in early youth with fair prospects, with a happy disposition, with indulgent parents, and wealth at command, and finds its way to the temple of dissipation and gayety. Pleasure lead on in pleasure, till comes anxiety, disappointments begin to appear, the trusted friends prove false, the hopes of future fortune blasted, the spirit broken, and the heart is overwhelmed with sorrow. Then comes the gloomy prospects of advances through the sky, till toward the head of noon a cloud or two are to be seen, which at first appear no bigger than a man's hand, and are scarcely noticed by him; but these soon increase in size, and become of such magnitude, that they obscure the sun, and intercept the light of heaven. Then comes the light, and the thunder, and the hail; the bright-ning flashes of lightning, and the terrific crash; the calm light of the dawn, the golden warmth of the morning, the resplendent beaming of high noon, and the grey and sober hue of the day closing on the end in clouds, and storms, and weeping darkness, or else, after many an hour, the blue sky appears in the west, and the setting sun partially emerges, and with tearful eyes and aspect cast though clear, the day goes down into night, leaving the hope of a brighter morrow.

VOLTAIRE AND HIS SECRETARY.—Voltaire, when in the midst of Fanny, was fond of assuming the air of nobility, and displayed a most philosophical hatred of pretchers. One of the poor fellows was caught and brought before him. Voltaire determined to try him in form of law, and took his seat as judge, directing his secretary to act as counsel for the prisoner. The advocate made a long speech in his favor, and suddenly stopped short. "Why do you hesitate?" asked Voltaire. "I wish to read a passage from a volume in your library." He procured the book, and kept turning over the leaves for some time, without saying a word. Voltaire became impatient, and asked him what book he was looking at. "It is your Philosophical Dictionary," was the answer.—"Well?" "I have been looking for the word humanity, and I see you have omitted it." Voltaire thought the argument so forcible, that the culprit was set free at once.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.
The Dying Seminole's Reply.

Lately, in an engagement, a small party of Seminole warriors were defeated, and driven into the swamps. The place where the unhappy wards of beautiful Florida, were driven to bay, was a dismal swamp, where the tall cypress rising over towering palmetto, and all but impenetrable thickets had fallen, who as the best of the wilderness around the land. But the purpose of taking him prisoner hurried with his remaining strength his wavering blade, and he saw the form of one of his pursuers fall, gave a yell of mingled rage and despair, and

His kneeling knees were fixed on death,
And that dark spirit passed away."

Back soldier, back! Thy foot shall tread
Thus feet fearless and but o'er the dead!
That trusting blade shall never shine
But o'er the cruel form of thine!
Thy treacherous foot shall never tread
Where sleep the brave, the warrior dead;
Nor where their happy spirits stray,
Thy hand forbear—away! away!

This is the warrior's last retreat,
Here let his mate his weary feet,
Here let his spirit from clay—
Back, soldier back! away! away!

Here where in youth's bright hour I stray'd
In manhood's pride have bled the blade,
Here let me rest, and lifeless lay
Touch not this spot—away! away!

My life blood flows—my race is o'er,
Our very sands are gone before,
Our graves the ploughshare shall efface—
My dying curse upon thy face!

* * * * * * *

I hear the warriors spurrin song
On evening breezes borne along
From hunting grounds far away,
Where blooms one bright eternal day!
Carlisle, Pa. June 2, 1840. MASON.

Ladies' Department.

From the Ladies' Garland.
Duty to Women.

"There is no gem which so much adorns the female character, and which adds so brilliant a lustre to her charms, as unaffected and deep-toned piety." Education, and the schools of refinement, are unable to bestow the character of deficiency in this respect. They may do much toward cultivating and improving the amiable qualities of the mind and heart; they may polish and soften the natural asperities of the disposition, and render their society agreeable and interesting; yet they cannot give that stability and energy to the mind's character, which is the effect of religion to confer. Though Nature may have bestowed upon her person, with a lavish hand, all those attractions which are so powerful in engaging the affections, and winning the esteem—though the model, and expression of her features' the grace and affability of her demeanor, or the strength and brilliancy of her intellect, may excite admiration—even yet, it must be confessed, the crowning excellence of all her loveliness remains in piety. We mean *consistent, practical piety*: not an outward profession merely—which is treated with little or no deference to its sanctity and obligations; but rather that religion which invests the character *without*, as well as within the precincts of the sanctuary—which is uniform in its practice, and in its principles—and its ennobling virtues and affectionate sympathies, contributes so much to the amenities of social life.

A female possessed of such a spirit and tone of feeling, is indeed "above all praise." What though she be destitute of a fair, bright, and sunny and tail? What though she tread the vale of affliction, or suffer the stern trials of penury? She is still a queen in the hall of resignation, she looks away to Him for support, who can disarm sorrow of poignancy, and alleviate the pressure of penury. Nothing in religion interferes with any rational enjoyment. It rather augments every earthly comfort: makes domestic duties pleasure—strengthens the social ties—imparts a gracious affectionate, and imperial sensibility and cheerfulness. What a contrast does the form with those who glitter for a while in the gay circles! Even in the midst of their mirth, with bitter disappointment, give place to envious competitors for the temporary advantages of more external attractions! Then, the pale cheek, the sparkle, like the cloud driven through the firmament, at the rapture of angry and ever-varying winds; and the entire mind overwhelmed in the pallid blue beyond: the one may possess the negative worth of a superficial morality; the other breathes in her element in the sanctuary—which is the heart: the one making herself the centre and circumference of all her purposes and efforts, *dies*, and leaves a name to be remembered for a while; the other with expansive benevolence, regards the world as a theatre of relative duty, and never *dies*. It is true, as a "caustic sayest, she may be censured," But yet she exists in the affections and remembrance of the living: and when her contemporaries have gone down to the grave, her moral influence is yet transmitted to other generations.

WOMAN.—How vain are woman's labors, and restless cares and fluttering hearts—much as that the two sexes are like the date-tree; the male plant produces flowers only, the female fruit. We should remember, too, that Adam was created out of Paradise, and Eve in it, and most significantly therefore still clings to Adam's race. Even in the heathen mythology, we find that though the gods often intermarried among themselves into beauty, the goddesses never did.

WOMEN WALKING.—The tiptoe mode of progression, although not conducive of much grace, is the happiest mode of the calf, naturally produces, in the same ratio, an undue increase of breadth in the forepart of the foot; which, indeed, in consequence is displayed in the finest proportion, when compared with the more plantigrade women of the British metropolis.

Cause of the Death Watch.

The influence of superstition and ignorance is astonishingly great. As one proof, what dismay and uneasiness has not the watch-like ticking of that little insect excited among the ignorant and superstitious?—and, indeed, as a writer in a certain periodical remarks, "That an insect, almost invisible, should, by regularity of time and distinctness of sound, imitate a machine which has employed so many hands in its construction, and the compound of wheels and springs, with the accompaniments, is above all ordinary comprehension." It was only within a few years past that I considered these visitants as entirely harmless creatures—since which I have accidentally discovered that this is by no means the case. Having occasion to stretch a piece of tape, pasted over with glue-water on a square frame, I was frequently surprised, at different hours of the day, by a noise similar to what we usually call the ticking of a watch—made by a widow, full of watches, and distinctly audible at five or six yards distance. I soon found that my frame was occupied as a place of resort by numbers of these little insects, of much larger than mites; and was thus enabled to identify the performers, and witness the harmless exercise of their vocation. From this it seems probable that, could those little creatures allow me to put a proper tympanum, we should soon universally hear them at certain seasons, as they plied their little drumming, which no doubt conceals their own social community, is constantly heard by their companions, though inaudible to us.

AN ANSWER.—"William," said a mother to her little son, "if you go out in the street I'll whip you." The boy with a knowing look replied, "But, mother, if I let you whip me now, may I go out afterward?"

VERY INFLUENTIAL.—An old almanac contains the following curious prophecy: "About the fifth day of November, in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and forty, many children will be borne in ye realme of Great Britayne."

THUNDER.—Thunder is the rolling-wheels of Spring's chariot.

Transmission of the Function of Men.

Some time since we gave a specimen of the facts Dr. Walker has collected in regard to the hereditary transmission of traits of the constitution generally, both mental and physical. In another connection, he carries the theory, which of course is no new one, much further. The principle he lays down, as regards the human race, is that habits and pursuits, long followed develope the organs they employ; so that in fact the individual is but the modified result of circumstances, and moreover that of his descendants, in equal proportion. This is evidently a fact of some practical importance to determine. It is not merely a curious question to discuss. The principle is illustrated by the lower animals. It is stated as a well known fact, for instance that the whelps of all trained dogs are almost at birth, more fitted for sporting purposes than others.—The most curious and extraordinary observations of this kind have been made by Mr. Knight, who in a paper read to the Royal Society at one of its last meetings, showed that the communicated powers were not of a vague or general kind, but that any particular art or trick acquired by these animals, was readily practiced by their progeny. Mr. Knight has been elected a member of the London Horticultural Society, or was a year or two since. He is a man of much science, and has distinguished himself by his curious experiments he has tried on different species of animals, with philosophical and practical views. The author remarks that this is a question we see him in thinking, as well it might, on the importance of the education of women, to their progeny the importance as a qualification for their trusting their children to them, has been pretty well understood; but here the family philosophy has usually stopped. It was by no means considered that the absolute constitution of their intended posterity would or might be affected by the put suits, habits, taste or spirit which they chose to bestow on the mind of the mother. Mr. Walker, in support of this theory, appeals to what he conceives an established fact, "that the child of a civilized European is more easily taught than that of the United States, exhibits an almost irresistible desire to return to the forests, and recommence the wandering life. On the other hand, we are told that the savage up the Missouri, by Clark and Lewis, one of the company was the son of an Indian woman, who had married a Frenchman, and that this half Indian acquired the habit of tracing animals through the trackless wood to any extent, which his companions could not acquire."

Sir Anthony Carlisle, a living authority of high repute, is quoted as saying, "that many years ago he had a pupil named Mr. Brown, this, in the course of his personal experience, he had observed a remarkable difference in the capacities of children for learning languages, and that even with the education and aptitudes of their parents that the children of people accustomed to arithmetic, learned figure quicker than those of difficultly educated persons, while children of classical scholars more easily learned the Latin and Greek; and that notwithstanding a few striking exceptions, the sons of children born of uneducated parents was proverbial."

Mr. Knight was applied to for information as to the manner in which his dogs work, and it appears his position is, that "the hereditary powers are generally be found best calculated to do that which they have been accustomed to see their parents have done. The offspring of a family of American or Australian savages would more readily acquire the power of tracing the game through the wood than those of a family of civilized Europeans; and the children of lawyers would be more apt for the task than those of shoemakers. Even the habits of the parents, before the birth of the offspring, will influence the future character of the offspring for studying mathematics, &c. The following anecdotes are a part of Mr. Knight's communication:

I, seventy years ago, heard an old school-master, in speaking of my father, say, that he was a boy of great facility of learning, that in fifty years' experience, he had never seen a child of wholly illiterate parentage and ancestry doing at that time so very abundant; who could learn languages; meaning, of course, Latin and Greek.

Being with a friend, about thirty years ago, shooting upon a Welsh mountain, we were joined by a native of the country who exhibited, with the manners and character of a buffoon, very great powers of combining objects, and I soon perceived a good deal of a kind of irregular and unstructured wit. I pointed out to my friend the difference between him and the native before, and observed that, on inquiry, he would prove to be the son of an educated male parent. It proved so, upon inquiry that he was so.

Cases of this kind might be multiplied, but our object is merely to attract attention to the subject, so far as it is not to be deemed to discuss it.

Love.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

I gazed upon the glorious sky
And the green mountains round,
And thought, that when I came to lie
Within the silent ground,
'Twere pleasant, that in flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyful sound,
The sexton's hand, my grave to make
Should rest in upon some shaded break.

I said, within the sweet inclosure
Of my low monument,
There should be shade and coolness round
Might know no sudden sight nor sound.

I knew I knew I should not see
The season's glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me
Nor its sweet breezes blow.
But of around my place of sleep,
The friends I left should come to weep.

They might not loiter in the way
Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom,
Should not go by me, forgetful of my doom.

Then to their softened hearts should bear,
The thought of what has been,
And speak of one they held full dear
The gladness of the scene.
Some tear, perhaps, upon my clay
The earnest of the summer tide.
So—thus I mused on my cold bed
And thought my grave would be thus visited.

THE AGED GRAY MARE.—An honest farmer of Dumfries was often scalded by his wife for staying too long at the public house on the market-days. She one day went to the market with him herself, and in the evening hurried him home rather sooner than he wished. However, they mounted the old gray mare, he on the saddle, and she on a pad behind. They rode on till they came to a small brook that crossed the road, when the mare put down her head, and, after being satisfied, again went on. "There now," said his wife, "if you would do like the mare—when she has enough she stops to her own accord, and goes no ; and why cannot you do the same?" "Hi-ay, true, goodwife," said he, "but if there was another said grey mare on the side o' her, and the she kept saying to the other there 'wi' ye,' and there 's t' ye, there 's no telling when they might part."

La Morgue.

"Bonsoir—my pet!—aye by my soul."—CLEGG.

"I am a stranger and a traveller," as many dreadful poets say, with a face as yellow as the pile of brass of one that was gathered before his time. The tenants of the morgue are of the game with the mechanical precision of an automaton, and would look as much at home in a shop window when collecting his fare, as behind his guns. Suddenly the screen was thrown aside, and with the lustre of a chimney sweep, the face of a corpse of rich richness, was exposed in the gentler sex, a young woman of very remarkable appearance, with long dark hair and the darkly cut mouth sometimes distorted by a laugh that was half hysterical, was conducted to the place of interment, by a dissolute looking man, who had been dragged at once country and the fashionable world. Such a combination of the wretched and the abandoned, embarked eagerly in the game.

"We went towards the slab and lifted the cloth; it was my acquaintance—but what a change—her dark hair had turned gold, and her features were dabbled with the mud of the Seine; her expressive mouth was closed with bloody lips, and her polished eyelids, though shrunk from all that lurked beneath."—*Recollections of the Police Report.*

Death, thou art fearful! on the courts of doom,
Where the wide world is judged, before thy throne,
Facts like a warning beam—while beauty's crown,
Falls from the head of each condemned one.
Pale is the tongue on the battle field,
Mute lies the lip of the lonely dead,
Where silence speaks to the touch most vividly,
Where the heart's pulse is hushed and cold.
Oh—scare they strangely, and they are swept.
The dreadful summons strikes to rain to heaven.
Yet there is one more awful than the rest,
More fearful than the battle field or wave,
Where fear itself becomes unnerving, more than